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The Things That Come With Stage Fright



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Chapter 1 by celloandjello

I blink in the uncomfortably glaring light. I am 13, with a natural aptitude at the cello but with no talent whatsoever at performing it in front of people. Right now, all I can think about is the fact that I'm ON A STAGE with a million eyes STARING AT ME.

Sweat rolls down the back of my neck. I very, very slowly sit down on the chair. I very, very slowly get my cello into position. I very, very slowly, and with a shaking hand, grab my bow. Anyone would think that it was just a small school performance, but, oh, no, you're wrong. I find it hard to even breathe when I'm in front of people. And I happen to be in front of a number of people.

I place my bow on the strings. I play the first note. SQUEAK!!! I cringe. People in the audience cringe. I try again. This time a note comes out, but it's horribly out of tune. Anybody can tell that what I played just now was NOT music. I can see people in the audience getting annoyed. I try again, and this time, a series of notes come out. But my playing was shaky and you can hear the notes wobble. I start to hyperventilate. Eventually I stop playing altogether.

All hope is lost for me. I know it. I finally decide to simply back off and escape from this

nightmare. I start to get up. Then, to my surprise, I see Spencer Carr walk up the stage. He is holding his viola. I freak out when he starts to play. I'm happy playing. I freak out even more when I see his mess.

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He walks up beside me. I can only stare at him with my brain frozen. Then he starts playing. Oh, his music is beautiful. Greensleeves. The notes float into the air. My brain comes out of its frozen state. Then, almost naturally, I start to play. Our music blend together into perfect harmony.

I smile. I'm on a stage, and I'm enjoying this. Music float into the air. Our bows moved in perfect sync. I relax into the music. I glance over at him. He glances at me. My crush is PLAYING with ME ON STAGE and looking AT ME!!!

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Of course, my next course of action is to promptly faint.

I wake up, dazed, and the first thing I see is his face. I want to yell.

"Hey, woah," he says, pushing me down as I rise from bed to meet his face, to ascertain that he is, indeed, real, "you gotta sit down again. You lost a lot of your strength."

"It's probably nothing much," I insist, but he shakes his head.

"Don't risk it. Not worth it."

"Why are you here?" I ask, only realizing how rude it sounds when it actually escapes my mouth. I blush violently, but he doesn't seem to react the way that I thought he would.

"Just worried, I guess. Everyone was."

My fingers dig into the bedsheets. Somehow, I doubt that. Not very many students care about me, or even know about my existence. My classmates are coldhearted. I'd be surprised if there weren't about a thousand rumors flying around at this very minute about what *really* caused me to go down.

Drugs? Sleep deprivation? The possibilities are endless.

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